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expressing its poetry through its attire, as a beautiful thought is expressed in beautiful language by a true artist. What a world of mental enchantment, of dim, sad, and originally awakened feeling is drawn around us as we read the following lines, in which Goethe so artistically blends the form of expression with the form of thought, or inter-marries the figures of the thoughts to the corresponding moulds of the expressions :

"Ihr naht euch wieder, schwankende Gestalten!  
Die früh sich einst dem trüben Blick gezeigt.  
Versuch ich wohl euch diessinal fest zu halten?  
Fühl ich mein Herz noch jenern Wahn geneigt?  
Ihr drängt euch zu! nun gut so mögt ihr walten,  
Wie ihr aus Dunst und Nebel um mich steigt;  
Mein Busen fühlt sich jugendlich erschullert—  
Vom Zauberhauch, der euren Zug umwittert."

Ye approach again, ye wavering forms, which once in budding youth hovered before my troubled view. Shall I, indeed, this time try to hold you fast? Do I still feel my heart moving on to that delusion. Ye throng around me! Well, then, be ye potent as ye rise out of vapor and mist around me. My bosom heaves with young emotions, by the magic breath which your train draws around me.

The consideration of dress as a mirror in which it may be said to reflect the moral condition of the individual or the community, has never had much serious consideration. More than two-thirds of our race are like floating corks, the blind creatures of all conflicting social currents, with little or no consciousness of action as it should be regulated by moral principle. A plethoric influx of money from commercial and other pursuits, is sure to breed the rankest kind of luxury, which carries with it a vicious propensity to excessive dressing, and this assumes so many morbid variations, as not only to insult art, to parody nature, but even to expose that sacredness of personality in woman which has been spiritually purchased for her by the religious growth of ages. Out of brutal idolatry to fashion, or a degrading concession to the carnalities of the time, women but too frequently poison our social atmosphere by immodestly robbing their persons of that chaste and becoming drapery, which is as ennobling to the wearer as it is beneficial to the beholder. The person of every woman has a moral dignity, a religious import, which can only be vindicated and maintained by being becomingly and modestly attired. Whether in the street or the boudoir, this solemn truth should never be forgotten. Men but little dream that in wickedly stimulating a love of dress by their overflowing pockets and out of an insane vanity for display, they are busily engaged in infusing poison into the moral roots of society, which must shoot forth sooner or later into a forest of the most terrible and blasting evils and obscenities. Sensuality and vanity in every community are interlinked like two vipers, and are not only born out of, but are perpetuated by a misapplication of wealth. Christianity took the initiatory step in trying to establish a true relationship between morals and costume; but the

effects of this happy step have not been unfrequently effaced by violent irruptions of Fashion, and an occasional disposition to adopt Asiatic dissoluteness of habit. Anterior to the twelfth century the purity of the cross had ruled out the worship of the toilet; but since that period the pantheon of Fashion has been constantly increasing in new divinities, and adding *à la créature de Dieu quelques traits empruntés au diable*.

## Architecture.

### OUR BUILDING STONES.

NO. V.

If, when he began his last article, R. was at loss in what disposition to reply to me, he soon got over the difficulty. He seeks not controversy, he says. Neither do I; but if it is forced upon me, I shun it not. If R. supposed that statements made with care, and opinions well considered, would be relinquished on his assertion of the opposite, he made a slight mistake. As to "the flood of words and the side issues," I willingly leave to competent judges the pertinency and the sufficiency of my answer. For the "levity" I ask pardon. I should have remembered the solidity and weight of the subject, and also of my opponent. And yet I am afraid that I shall offend again. I find it difficult to feel as solemn as I ought to be, especially while reading some of R.'s remarks. I will, at least, endeavor not to lose my temper.

I wish it to be distinctly remembered that the inference which I drew from the Trinity tombstones had reference to the corroding and roughening influence of atmospheric action on the surface. Conceding that either kind may be durable enough for all human purposes, so far as strength is concerned, I say that the sandstones, so far as looks are involved, wear incomparably better than the marbles. Their surface does not become rough and dirty; their edges do not become rounded and blurred. This is my point. I maintain it. Let him who doubts, go and see for himself. R. thinks there can be little doubt that most of the older stones there, were imported. I think there is considerable doubt. Even admitting it, the argument for sandstone is not impaired. R. says that the stone, brick, and wood of the Old Dutch Church (now the Post-Office) were imported from Holland. It may be so. I should like to know his authority for this. The idea that anybody ever went from this land of rock to that land of mud in quest of stone is so unnatural, that I must needs ask for proof.

Since R.'s remarks concerning imported stone appeared, I have noticed a passage in O'Callaghan's "History of New Netherlands," which is very far from confirming R.'s theory. Mr. O'C. states—and Mr. Brodhead, in his work, does substantially the same—that in 1642 the subject of building a new church here in Manhattan was brought forward. On that occasion Capt. David De Vries, in

urging the enterprise, said, "We have good materials, fine oak wood, fine building-stone, good lime made from oyster shells, which was better than the lime in Holland." The church was built, and stood within the walls of the old fort. The contract, which shows that our home-made stone was actually used, is given by O'Callaghan. I am content for the present to put this one *fact* into the scale against R.'s *fancies*.

However it may have been in regard to the Dutch Church, and in regard to the old grave-stones, I am told by competent authority that there are numerous old structures in New Jersey, built of the sandstone, which is so common there, and bearing their age remarkably well. My informant is an acute observer, and as he examined them with express reference to the durability of the stone—I consider his testimony reliable. At some future and more favorable season I mean to inquire into this matter, particularly,—for I value actual trial and the test of time above all theoretic conjecture.

R. asserts that there is no sandstone now known in this country like that of Richard Church's monument. Whether this be so or not is a matter of little moment. I do not profess the mineralogical skill and knowledge, which alone can justify a man in making or in denying such a proposition.

Again, as to the effect of heat. What I believe is this: Few stones in use can resist, when heated, the action of water. But in their capacity to bear, uninjured, a high temperature, stones differ much. In this respect the sandstones are superior to the limestones, and better than granite.

Again, in regard to the mosses. This question is not very important. If, however, the mosses have a preservative influence, it is a reason why they should not be looked on as deformities, and still more, why they should not be removed. As I said before, R. may be right in his view. But I want the proof. As yet he has brought none. He refers us to the exposed surfaces and out-cropping strata that may be seen in the country. Everybody knows that rocks near the surface are apt to be softer and weaker than they are lower down. R., finding such stones covered with lichens, ascribes the difference to them. Why to them, rather than to all those atmospheric influences which have been acting on the rock for ten thousand years? How does he know—how can he *prove*—that these mosses have not actually retarded the process? Let him answer these questions.

In evidence of the assertion that there is durable sandstone, I adduced examples of structures in England which have stood uninjured for many hundred years. R. says, "But I have seen these English churches, and, with all due deference, would assert my opinion that they are very far from being in a good state of preservation. They are soft, exfoliated, and often transversely cracked." This is coming to the point. I like a direct issue. R. has seen these "English churches," and gives

his testimony as an eye-witness. I never saw them, though I have been in England. The "English churches," as R. calls them, to which I referred (see *CRAYON*, vol. iii., No. 1, p. 11), are Rivaux Abbey, in Yorkshire; Eccleston and Tintern Abbeys, in the same shire; and the Keep of Barnard Castle, in Durham. These buildings date from the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. My statement in regard to the present condition of their sandstone walls was quoted from the Report made to the Commissioners of Woods and Forests, on occasion of selecting the stone for building the new Houses of Parliament. I supposed that the testimony of those gentlemen, who made a careful reconnaissance of the whole island with reference to this very point of durability, might be relied on. But no. R. "dashes all their conclusions to the ground," by "asserting his opinion that they are very far from being in a good state of preservation." Of course this settles the matter.

I will venture in this connection to quote a few lines from Professor Thomson's "Outlines of Mineralogy," vol. ii., 147, Lond. Ed., 1836. Of the sandstone near Edinburgh and Fife he says: "It is nearly white, fine-grained, and very durable. It answers admirably as a building stone." Again he says, "This sandstone is a very lasting building-stone. Melrose Abbey, which is built of it, was finished in the year 1142, or nearly 700 years ago; yet the cornices of the windows are as sharp and as perfect as if they had been carved only a few years ago. The Cathedral of Glasgow is about the same age, and yet the stone work of it is still perfectly fresh." I rather mention these cases, because, though I did not see Rivaux, Eccleston, or Tintern Abbeys, I have, in common with thousands of my countrymen, seen that beautiful ruin, to which Scott gave a second immortality, and that venerable Cathedral, which fortunately survived the iconoclastic hands of religious rage. Should Dr. Thomson's testimony be set aside, like that of the English commissioners, there are many who in this case can testify from their own knowledge. R. offers to "point out" to me "in the Old World marble that has withstood unchanged the elements, including the fire of the Goths, for thousands of years." He is very kind. If he alludes to the old Roman architecture of Italy, as his mention of the Goths seems to imply, I might answer with a well-known disputant, "I've seen it, sir, as well as you." R. seems to have no suspicion that climate has anything to do with this question. He does not know that stone, which, under the mild and serene skies of Attica and Ionia, has retained its sharpness and polish for three thousand years, could not withstand uninjured the atmospheric action of England, or of our own country, for a sixtieth part of that time. I will adduce a single fact. I quote from a work published in New York ten years ago: "A few years since, an obelisk brought from Luxor, in Egypt, was set up in the French capital. The material is a granite of almost impracticable hardness, and its highly wrought pictured surfaces had suffered no injury from thirty centuries

of African exposure. Already it has been found necessary to cover its sides with coatings of Caoutchouc, to preserve them from the corrosive influence of a Parisian atmosphere."

R. favors us with a definition of sandstone. "It is made up," he says, "of particles of sand, not homogeneous, as C. asserts, but consisting of marble, granite, slate, and other minerals of various sizes, brought together by the accidents of Nature, and only kept solid by a cement of oxide of iron." In Webster's Dictionary I find it described thus, on the authority of Prof. Cleaveland: "Sandstone is, in most cases, composed chiefly of grains of quartz, united by a cement, calcareous, marly, argillaceous, or even silicious." In another standard work I read as follows: "The cement is variable in quantity, and may be calcareous or marly, argillaceous or argillo-ferruginous, or even silicious." "Some varieties are so solid as to give fire with steel, while others are friable, and may be reduced to powder with the fingers." "In addition to quartz, some sandstones embrace grains of feldspar, flint, and silicious slate, or plates of mica." In speaking of sandstones, as composed of homogeneous particles united by a cement, I referred to them in their ordinary, and not in their exceptional character. But all sandstone, according to R., is a conglomerate of "marble, granite, slate, and other minerals, kept solid by oxide of iron." That some sandstones are so ferruginous as to be valuable ores, is well known; but that any man should assert that oxide of iron forms the only cement in sandstone, is strange indeed.

After giving this very scientific and felicitous definition of sandstone, R. goes on to say that air or water acts readily upon this oxide, which, when disturbed, loosens the sand and destroys the stone." Then comes an illustration drawn from wood and glue; and then we are told that the whole question is between the durability of the minerals that compose the marbles and granites, and of a temporary paste made up of iron and oxygen. This, in substance, is what R. gives us as the elucidation and simplification of his original theory about cohesive attraction and *artificial* cements. It is enough to say of it that it is mere theory.

In his December article R. asserted that "The whole front of Trinity Church is now seen to be cracked and opened." That there is no crack or opening in that front any passer-by can see for himself. Of this injurious misstatement he makes no correction in his last. That there was a crack there several years ago is acknowledged in my answer, and fully explained. In his February article R. says, "It will take more than one page of circumlocutory writing to cover up that positive fact, or convince me that several hundred cubic feet of granite would not have sustained the weight that is seen to have crushed that sandstone front." If there are any persons who read these papers, and consider this subject important, I beg they would look at my answer in January, and say whether I

attempted to *cover up* "that positive fact." I ask them to read carefully the explanation of it there given, and then—as the only notice which I shall take of R.'s credulity in regard to granite—I respectfully request them to walk down Barclay street to the corner of Church street. On that corner stands the Roman Catholic church, called St. Peter's. It is built of strong and massive granite. For many years it stood firm, defiant apparently of time and the elements. But the spirit of commercial improvement spread west and north, and not long ago, a store was erected, abutting on St. Peter's in the rear, and fronting on Vesey street. Its foundations, according to present usage, were laid deep, reaching below those of the church. Now, if you please, go down Church street a little way, and mark the effects on the church wall. See in how many places those granite blocks have broken in consequence of a slight settling of the foundation. The stones themselves are a good deal larger than those of Trinity—the actual pressure must have been far less. The case is precisely in point. The inference, as it seems to me, is alike inevitable and conclusive.

When R. called the adhesive material which holds together some of our great rock formations an "artificial" cement, the peculiar phraseology drew from me a good-natured smile. When he added that all such (artificial) cements must in time yield, etc., I gave the assertion a prompt and earnest negative. By the vague phrase, "in time," I innocently supposed he meant quite a short time—certainly some period under the fatal hundred years which are to demolish all the sandstone structures in New York. To this assertion I said, "No." On this R. takes me up; and, I must confess, has me at advantage. But how does he get it? Why, by giving us to understand that when he said that the "artificially" cemented rocks (sandstone, for instance) will in time yield to the dissolving elements, he only meant some period infinitely remote, leaving us to infer his belief, that the marble and the granite, being held together by simple cohesion, will outlast even "the crush of matter and the wreck of worlds." This is more than I ever asked for the best sandstone. Of course, I accept it, and hold him to it.

As to his other retort about the brick, not being able to discern its force or pertinency, I must let it stand.

In the Mechanics' Bank building, Wall Street; in the new Bank building, adjoining Duncan & Sherman, on Nassau Street; in the Library building, nearly completed, for the Historical Society, on Second Avenue; in two houses near the southeast corner of Gramercy Place, and in one that stands on the northern side of Twenty-third Street, between Lexington and Fourth Avenues, may be seen specimens of a fine grained sandstone, which comes from the British province of New Brunswick. It is a drab-colored stone, assuming, when damp, a light olive tint. Its great beauty as a building material cannot fail to make it popular—other things being found equal. I have before me a report upon the qualities of this stone, made

after a minute examination of the Dochester quarries. The author, Dr. A. A. Hayes, has long held the office of Assayer to the State of Massachusetts, and is well known as an able chemist and mineralogist. In reference to the evidence of durability afforded by some of our American sandstones, he differs considerably from R. For instance: "Having ascertained that the stone over the whole extent of the Company's land has uniform characteristics, attention was given to all the marks, by which we judge of the durability of rocks under atmospheric exposure. As the surface of the Dorchester sandstone, where it is uncovered, bears the furrows and scratches of the 'drift period,' when our boulders and soil were transported, we have a starting-point in time, far back in the earth's history, and long anterior to the appearance of man on this sphere. These scratches remaining now, show that no considerable abrasion or decay of the stone has marked the lapse of thousands of years. The rock, exposed freely to storms and frosts, and to the more active action of vegetation these thousands of years, has 'weathered,' and lost the full depth of its color at and below the surface. *A line three, and rarely four inches, within the mass, shows a slight change of composition, precisely that which we observe in the hardest granites and syenites in the same time.*" He also states that a cubic foot of the stone weighs 157 lbs., or nearly the same as the most compact marble. In reference to its absorbent power, he says that fragments, five days from the quarry, when dried at a heat of 212° F., lost but six-tenths of one per cent. in weight. And that similar fragments repeatedly immersed in water and air-dried, lost at the most but seven-tenths of one per cent. And, again, when the fragments after being immersed, were air-dried, and then heated to redness for ten minutes, the loss of water was but one-and-fifty-six hundredths per cent. "*This remarkable result accords with similar trials on syenite, especially of Quincy stone, and proves that walls of this stone will never be damp.*" As the slight loss of humidity has shown the non-porous structure of the stone, the application of Braad's test was made, but the results only confirmed the indications before obtained. *This resistance places the Dorchester sandstone among the most durable stones used in constructions of any kind."*

To the above very striking and interesting statements of an eminent savant, I ask particular attention. 'Without one if or but,' R. tells us that the oxide of iron—"the temporary paste," which holds together the particles of sand, "is always liable to more rapid changes than the component minerals. Air or water acts readily upon this oxide," etc. After giving the minute analysis of the Dorchester stone, Dr. Hayes adds: "The cement is, therefore, a *silicate of proto-peroxide of iron and alumina*, which has consolidated, both chemically and mechanically, the granite sand, so as to form a firm, fine-textured, enduring rock."

For the present, I abide by Dr. Hayes.

I purpose hereafter to state more definitely and more fully than I have heretofore done, my views in regard to

the essential as well as comparative merits of sandstone and limestone. This is the more necessary, as the discussion with R., and some of his remarks, may give a wrong impression in regard to what I think. A year ago last November, R., in a short communication to THE CRAYON, in regard to the use of the Caen stone, and its perishable nature, expressed the opinion that our sandstones are little, if any, better; and that no structure of that material in our city could be expected to last even a hundred years. That this is a mistaken and absurd opinion has been, I think, abundantly shown. In defending sandstone against a sweeping and unjust denunciation, I have perhaps given it a prominence beyond what it would otherwise have had. Among the stones I have no favorites, in the sense implied by R.; and, on the other hand, I have, I trust, no antipathies founded on ignorance and prejudice.

My primary object was to call attention to the subject—a subject greatly neglected. Appealing to experience as the only safe guide in such questions, I drew largely from the minute and valuable Report of the British Commissioners. To those extracts I respectfully refer all persons who take an interest in the subject, and who wish to arrive at satisfactory results. I will repeat here the concluding passage of that Report. It deserves, at least, as much consideration as the unsupported opinion of R. "Judging, therefore, from the evidence afforded by buildings of various dates, there would appear to be many varieties of sandstone and limestone employed for building purposes, which successfully resist the destructive effects of atmospheric influences."

The "Builder" of December 13, and December 20, 1856, contains an article "on the various methods now before the public of indurating and preserving architectural stonework;" a paper which had been read by C. H. Smith, before the Royal Institute of British Architects. The general conclusion, derived from observation and actual experiment is, that no application of the sort, whether oily, resinous, bituminous, or chemical, can be relied on for any lasting effect. He says that England contains an abundance of stone which has been proved to be good; and that the way to make a structure durable, is to use only the best material. His remarks on the necessity of caution in this respect are very clear and decisive. In regard to the Caen stone, and its utter unfitness for out-door exposure, the language of Mr. Smith fully confirms that of R. This stone used in the enlargement of Buckingham Palace only a few years ago, is represented as "rapidly mouldering away." With the example of Henry the Seventh's Chapel close by, in which the perished Norman stone had actually been replaced, it is strange that this material should have been adopted in a great national palace. In my second article (Vol. III. p. 54) I noticed this fact in the history of Westminster Abbey, and the still more remarkable one, that the Comb Down Oolite which was substituted for the Caen stone, was itself decaying, after an exposure of less than twenty years. My remarks were founded on statements

made in England more than twenty years ago. Read now what Mr. Smith says of Henry the Seventh's Chapel, thus replaced with Bath stone. "Such, indeed, is the lamentable prospective state of the latter building at this time, that there is every probability of its being, within thirty or forty years, in the same dilapidated condition as it was before the repairs in 1808." It is not to the use of an *oolite*, rather than of a *dolomite*, or of a common limestone, or of a sandstone, that Mr. S. ascribes the miserable result; but only to the selection of a *poor oolite*, when they might just as well have had a good one.

In discussing this question of durability, the point which I have endeavored especially to establish is this: that among the different stones in use, and more particularly among the limestones and sandstones, there are various qualities which require careful discrimination. This great fact is fully brought out by Mr. Smith's paper, to which I refer all whom it may concern. After alluding to the masonry at Oxford, "so decomposed that it is peeling off like paper or rags;" to the seven well-preserved villages in the island of Portland, and especially to Sandysfoot castle, near Weymouth, which has sustained uninjured the beating of the surf and drenching of the salt spray ever since the time of Henry VIII., he adds, "the fact is, *good stone* will remain nearly perfect in any situation, during almost an indefinite period; whereas, *bad stone*, if exposed to the weather, will rapidly moulder away, whether placed on the sea-shore, or in the middle of a large continent." C.

THE western people are not wanting in that ambition for architectural embellishment which is displayed in the Atlantic cities, more particularly amongst the mercantile classes. This is to be seen more or less in St. Louis, Detroit, Cincinnati, Cleveland, and other large towns, but in Chicago we think it will be found far more conspicuous than elsewhere. We were astonished on a late visit to that city, whose origin is but of yesterday, at the number and vastness of its numerous warehouses, and the expensive effort at architectural ornamentation which they displayed. Store-houses for produce, mammoth railroad depots, warehouses of the grandest proportions, stand, not isolated, but forming long avenues, thronged with a moving tide of trade that rivals the busiest sections of our own metropolis. That periodical wave of improvement which we have seen creeping up Broadway, replacing buildings that were not long since architectural marvels, with structures which, though magnificent now, must soon yield to yet grander ones, is also visible in Chicago; but here the six-story palace of marble takes the place of a wooden shanty, or maybe a log cabin. With one stride this queen city of the West attains a position which has only been reached by us in a half a dozen generations of progressive buildings.

We noticed at Detroit some large and expensive business structures, but they rose up solitary and detached,

and seemed rather the result of individual enterprise than of that public grandeur of feeling that pervades everything in Chicago, from a laborer's barracks to a wholesale warehouse. And in the latter city we were delighted to trace evidences of superior taste. Whether this is owing to the existence there of a good architect, or to the superior cultivation of the people, we do not know. But it certainly exists to a remarkable degree. We are inclined to think, however, that much of the architectural feeling in Chicago has had its origin in the fact of possessing a very fine building material. The yellow brick from Milwaukee, and a beautiful kind of marble, are here used with a taste and knowledge of effect, that argues that their qualities are appreciated. The marble, of which most of the best buildings are built, is hard, durable, and of a beautiful cream color. It has been recognized that it looks best when left with its fractured face undisturbed. A departure from this mode of dressing is rarely seen. It can be easily perceived that the decorations of the buildings have been conceived so as to harmonize with this mode of preparing the marble. In the agreeable yellow tint of the city, resulting from the use of the *prairie* marble, a cloudy day loses much of its gloom, while in the full sunshine the aspect of the town is exceedingly cheerful and exhilarating.

The soft, easily-wrought stone of which the public buildings of England and France, and indeed a great part of Europe, have been built, has had a material effect upon their architecture. If their stone had been as hard as granite, their ornamentation would not have been so profuse, and the Gothic style would never have had an existence. The attempt in this country to imitate it in our harder material, is only absurd. But at Chicago, regardless of precedent, they have gone to work to use their own material, so as to develop its best uses and greatest beauties.

Perhaps the most remarkable architectural objects in Chicago are the depots of the numerous railroads that centre in this city. That of the Illinois Central is a wonderful structure in many respects. Its roof covers an area of 400 feet long and 170 feet wide. It is very tastefully built of the cream-colored marble. On all sides these depots and other buildings of the most magnificent proportions are springing up like magic. Already the New Yorker feels that he is at home there, since so many of the characteristics of his own metropolis are duplicated.

We were struck in our various railroad rides through the western country with the total want of taste everywhere displayed by the people in anything that requires artistic cultivation. Generally the private dwellings are of the meanest kind. Flowers do not ornament their yards, and when pictures are effected, they are of the lowest grade of merit. The miserable, cheap lithographs, whose enormous manufacture, as well as importation, we have wondered at in this city, here find their market.

At Peoria, a city of some 15,000 inhabitants, where we

attended an agricultural fair, some disgusting daubs, by the pupils of an itinerant drawing-master, were hung in the sun, where their sulphuric beauties elicited the unqualified admiration of the people. They had no idea that these were not among the highest reaches of the art, and we found ourselves in hot water at once by venturing the opinion that their city geniuses needed more experience and knowledge. The hanging committee plumed themselves upon their sagacity in placing them in the broad glare of the sun. If people everywhere were more ready to receive instruction in Art matters, a great advance might be made, and the present indifference and ignorance ameliorated.

A BUILDING in Nassau street, between Wall and Pine streets, now in progress for the CONTINENTAL BANK, is one of the few structures in this city that excites positive admiration. The material used in the façade is the Dorchester stone, which we believe was first employed in a public building for the Mechanics' Bank, in Wall street. This stone is of a warm, greenish tint, presenting an agreeable surface, one quite in contrast with the dull monotony of ordinary brown sandstone. The style of the architecture may be characterized as German-Byzantine, or what is more significant, it is a style exhibiting certain architectural features combined together upon principle, taste, and knowledge. The mouldings are of simple design, yet bold and effective, and they are rationally applied. There is even now, in the unfinished state of the building, an air of elegance, which we look for in vain in the ponderous drip-stones, ostentatious scroll-work, and heavily laden porches and cornices, which go to make up the Fifth avenue standard of architecture. The architect is Leopold Eidlitz, Esq. We shall refer to this building again.

What a descent,—to go from the Continental Bank to the BANK OF NEW-YORK, on the corner of Wall and William streets. This institution, like the crab, is changing its shell, or rather has moved out of an old house, and is only awaiting the completion of a new building to come out in new apparel. Age is entitled to respect, and perhaps we ought to refrain from comment upon the externals of a structure like this, which is to receive such a venerable incorporation; but the incongruity between plan and object is even now so marked we cannot be silent; besides "corporations have no souls," and certainly critics should have none in these perilous times of architectural flummery any more than bank directors, when credit is as rotten as it always is in times of financial panic. The Bank of New York formerly possessed a respectable edifice, a building which was quite famous at the time it was put up, and one that was agreeable to the eye up to the very day of its death. It was tastefully built of honest brick and sandstone, and it stood in its Wall street bed a modest, appropriate shell for the dignified moneyed oyster that lived and grew fat there. But we suppose it was not *high* enough, so the good old-fashioned structure must come down to make way for a

more ornate and rentable substitute; and now we have the first story of its successor—already nearly as elevated as the roof of the old building, and as low in style of architecture as if it were the realized dream of the vulgar London cheesemonger in the play. The principal material of the walls of this building is brick, at least it was meant to appear so, but being overlaid with heavy vermiculated pilasters and so crowded out of sight by these and other stones around the windows, the brick seems intended only to answer the purpose of the cloth of a cavalier's dress in the time of Charles II., namely, a mere support to lace and embroidery. Our readers, may not, perhaps, be aware that the ornamental features of a building are symbolical; and that no stone is cut or laid without meaning something; they may not know that the technical term, "vermiculated," signifies worm-eaten, but, nevertheless, it is so, and what puzzles us in our contemplation of this structure—being mere outsiders and among those for whose enjoyment such a display of stone-work exists—is to know what there can be of "worm-eaten" significance about the Bank of New York. If its capital had been impaired by frauds and defaulters, we could have accepted thankfully the superabundant decoration of worm-eaten stones so appropriately piled up in Wall street; but it is not so. There is no sounder or safer institution of the kind in the country. Perhaps, because the bank bears the name of the city, it thus vicariously assumes and expresses, in a symbolic form, the corruption of our government and social body. If this be the reason we would suggest that the structure is altogether too plain and simple in its treatment. The truth is, the bank has caught the infection of the day. In its architectural manifestation, it has yielded to the common love of display without meaning, to extravagance because rich, to expense without profit, in short, to the ignorance and pretension of blind national idealism. In the realm of Artpeople do not take counterfeits. As we are unacquainted with the architect, our remarks do not apply to him as being responsible for the taste of the plan. The plan indicates marked ability according to its own æsthetic standard, but like innumerable portraits, the building represents rather the taste of the party who pays for it, than that of the artist whose work it stands for.

THE MORALS OF ART.—Coleridge says, "Every human feeling is greater and larger than the exciting cause, a proof that man is designed for a higher state of existence; and this is deeply implied in music, in which there is always something more and beyond the immediate expression." But not music only, every production of art ought to excite emotions greater, and thoughts larger than itself. Thoughts and emotions which never, perhaps, were in the mind of the artist, never were intended by him, may be strongly suggested by his work. This is an important part of the morals of art which we must never lose sight of. Art is not only for pleasure and profit but for good and for evil.—*Mrs. Jameson.*